

Santa Fe New Mexican

THE NEW MEXICAN PRINTING CO.

Entered as Second-Class matter at the Santa Fe Postoffice.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.	
Daily, per week, by carrier.	\$1.00
Daily, per month, by mail.	3.00
Daily, three months, by mail.	8.00
Daily, six months, by mail.	15.00
Daily, one year, by mail.	28.00
Weekly, per month, by mail.	1.00
Weekly, per quarter, by mail.	2.50
Weekly, six months, by mail.	5.00
Weekly, one year, by mail.	9.00

The New Mexican is the oldest newspaper in New Mexico. It is sent to every Postoffice in the Territory and has a large and growing circulation among the intelligent and progressive people of the southwest.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Wanted—One cent a word each insertion. Local—Ten cents per line each insertion. Reading Local—Preferred position—Twenty-five cents per line each insertion. Displayed—Two dollars an inch, single column, per month in Daily. One dollar an inch, single column, in either English or Spanish Weekly. Additional prices and particulars given on receipt of a copy of matter to be inserted.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 13.

The attitude of the Republican party of New Mexico has always been consistent on the question of the admission of the territory as a state. We favored the admission of the territory when the Democratic party was united in their opposition against it. We still favor its admission, believing that there is no good and substantial reason for keeping us out of the Union as a state and believe that this can best be accomplished by the election of a delegate to congress who is in harmony with Republican politics and principles.—Republican Platform, New Mexico, 1898.

The silence which has brooded over the land regarding crosses and crowns, since a certain would-be president was commissioned a colonel of volunteers, will now be broken. The colonel has resigned.

Friends of statehood for New Mexico should not allow the members of congress to forget that the territory is entitled to admission into the Union as a state. There is no time like the present to drop letters to Congressmen at Washington, D. C., containing a polite request to consider New Mexico's desire in a favorable manner.

The raising of sugar beets on the productive lands in the vicinity of Santa Fe and the manufacture of sugar from the beets by a factory located in the city will work a transformation in the Rio Santa Fe and Rio Grande valleys of Santa Fe county. The proper time to put the enterprise to going is right now.

If the desperate camp rows continue, it will not be long before the fatalities from too much activity among the soldiers while doing nothing, will outnumber those of the engagements of the war with Spain. The men evidently enlisted to fight, and are bound to carry out their purpose.

Statehood and sugar beets will "make a man" for New Mexico, and the day is not far distant when—well, the property owners of the territory will be calling themselves all kinds of numskulls for not having taken up and pushed to success the securing of both the change of government and the enterprise of raising sweetness and money at one and the same time.

Newspapers in the sections which have been suffering from the extreme cold of the past week are trying to console their readers by comparing the temperature with that of Klondike, which, in last January, chased the mercury down to 62 degrees below zero. There may be considerable consolation in knowing that other people suffer more from cold, but it does not pay for coal and wood.

Denver is evidently seeking unique notoriety again. The papers of that city tell of a man who went before the board of county commissioners of Arapahoe county and requested that taxes be assessed against certain real estate owned by him, pointing out that for two years the assessor had missed the land. Since this property owner is a Methodist, New Mexico will at once take active steps to induce Methodists to settle in the territory.

Philadelphia may be slow and sleepy, but when that city settles down on the trail of bank wreckers, the guilty ones would as well surrender and confess at once, as the events of the past month testify. There is a whole lot in the old saying of "slow, but sure," after all, and some of the other municipalities in the country could follow the example of the "City of Brotherly Love" with profit and benefit.

Times must be awful hard in New York. The wife of a prominent clergyman and the wife of a trust and savings corporation president have been arrested for stealing Christmas presents for their husbands from the large department stores of that city. New Yorkers should be more liberal when the contribution box passes and banking presidents should be careful how they hold on to the family purse strings, even if interest rates have been reduced.

The death of General Calixto Garcia, which occurred in Washington on Sunday, removes the ablest of the Cuban leaders from the troubles and disappointments of this world. The general had spent many years of his life in fighting for the freedom of his native island, having been engaged in the revolutions against Spain's rule of the past quarter of a century, and it seems like the irony of fate for him to have been taken away from the fulfillment of his hopes and endeavors were almost realized, and not be permitted to see the end.

The French, as a nation, are a funny people. When they want to lynch a victim of popular displeasure and are prevented by the police or soldiery, they content themselves by shouting "Spill upon him" in his hearing. In America lynchings are conducted in a manner that is more serious for the victim and

incidentally, to the men or forces who attempt to prevent the pleasant affair. The fact is, the Americans have always taken life too seriously, in more ways than one.

Those senators who are fearful that the constitution of the United States cannot stand the strain of the annexation of the Philippines, occupy exactly the same position in the eyes of the great majority of the people as the man who locked the barn after the horse was stolen did. The treaty of peace just concluded provides for the relinquishment of authority in the islands to this country, which virtually means annexation. The treaty will be ratified and the lawmakers of the senate will have had their talking all for nothing. If the opposition to the treaty which is making so much noise in the senate chamber is playing to the galleries, it has made a mistake in the audience.

American Imperialism.

The anti-expansionists of the country are undoubtedly sincere in their opposition to the new policy which has been forced upon the United States by the war with Spain, but it is doubtful if they realize the full meaning and effect of the annexation of the islands which have fallen under the protection of a nation which in 100 years has built up a country and achieved a civilization which are not excelled by any in the world. Dr. David J. Hill, assistant secretary of the state of New York, has grasped the meaning of the word "imperialism" as applied to the sentiment which has swept over the land in favor of retarding the islands ceded to the United States by Spain, and in an address recently delivered, defined the word as follows:

"Imperialism is the magnanimity of this republic in extending the sheltering wings of its protection over those whom the war has liberated from oppression and misery."

Could it have been stated more concisely or more clearly? It is true that the government has never had any experience in dealing with colonies, but it is equally as true that in dealing with new questions the people of the United States have seldom, if ever, made any serious mistakes. The same objections which are made to the annexation of the Philippines, Puerto Rico and, perhaps, Cuba, are the same as were raised when the great Louisiana purchase was made, whereby the great west of the Union was acquired and from which has been created an empire teeming with population, rich in natural resources and as cultured and loyal as the older portions of the nation. The idea that it is the intention of the men who are now urging the retention of the new possessions for the purpose of at once making states of them, of admitting the half-civilized inhabitants of many of them to citizenship, is erroneous and unjust. Left to themselves, they would soon fall prey to other countries whose forms of government are not calculated to better the conditions which now exist, and those who take a true view of the duty of the United States know the purpose in view is to afford protection, to educate and to civilize.

The process of lifting people who have been oppressed for centuries to a high plane of living is slow and often discouraging, as this country knows by sad experience with millions of slaves who were once owned in the south. But a duty has been clearly defined by the hand of destiny, and it cannot be shirked. The undertaking is undoubtedly an arduous one, beset with many difficulties and attended by much expense, but what would the anti-imperialists have the nation do? Abandon the unfortunate peoples to their fate and make no effort to extend education and civilization, to say nothing of the advantages to be gained in a commercial way? The fear of danger has defeated many beneficent enterprises in this world and ruined many nations, but the American people have never yet been deterred from doing their duty to fellow-men by any such cravenness.

The cry that is raised that to annex the Philippines and other islands will destroy the Monroe doctrine, shatter the constitution and bring disastrous wars in the future is not believed by the very men who are crying out the loudest. They are timid and dread to undertake that which is new; they are actuated by selfish motives, although they may try to make themselves believe that they are acting out of patriotic motives. The United States has a part to be avoided. The country can not return to the isolated position it held prior to the war with Spain. The American republic has been forced to take a position among the nations of the world as a colonizer and a civilization by a power which will not be disobeyed, and that power will guide safely through the troubles which may possibly arise in the course which it has mapped out.

Dr. Hill is correct in his definition of the American imperialism, and that protection must be extended to those who have borne the yoke of oppression for centuries; human hands and minds cannot withhold it.

A TIME TO LAUGH

Practical, Able and Interesting Discourse Preached Last Sunday by Rev. W. Hayes Moore

IN PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Spiritual, Physical, Moral, Psychological Reasons Why Men Should Look on Bright Side of Life and Contribute Toward Its True Enjoyment.

Ecclesiastes, iii. 4: "A time to laugh." Man is the only animal that can laugh. The horse cannot laugh. The dog cannot laugh. The cat cannot laugh. The burro cannot laugh. I sometimes wish the burro could laugh, for laughter would certainly be much more agreeable to the nerves of most people than the burro's present method of expressing his sentiments. But laughter is an endowment that is given only to man, and yet man does not value this endowment at one-tenth of its worth. Some of us look as if we had not had a good, rollicking laugh for many long years, not since, perhaps, we left the dear old place.

ground by the school house. If you stood before an audience as often as I do, you would see lots of people who look like the ghost of melancholy just let loose from the graveyard. Oh, the faces that have grown so long! It is almost impossible to measure them. Oh, the furrows that are plowed longitudinally across so many countenances! Oh, the mouths that have the corners both turned down, not turned up! If by some happy circumstance you can startle those people into a laugh, what a change! It is like the sun bursting through the clouds and covering the landscape on a dark, chilly day. "Give me an honest laughter," said Sir Walter Scott, and he himself could laugh uproariously. Yes, give all of us people who can speak a hearty "Good morning" when they come to the breakfast table, and people who can whistle and keep their courage up when they have to go through a dark woods at night, or through the still darker trials of life. There is more religion, I tell you, in a laugh than there is in a growl, and more in a smile than there is in a frown, and more in a shout than there is in a howl. Solomon knew what he was talking about when he said there is a time to laugh.

I make no apology for selecting this text or for introducing this subject into the pulpit. For many of us, life is too serious and too somber. There is far more shade than there is sunshine. There is too much night and not enough day; too much bemoaning and complaining and not enough praising and thanksgiving. And as Shakespeare says, "The fault is in ourselves, and not in our stars, that we are underlings." We need not eat gooseberries and green persimmons unless we want to do so. Strawberries are just as easily cultivated, and they are far more palatable, and they do not distort the face into all sorts of shapes. There is no good reason why any one of us should go down beneath the burdens of life's cares and disappointments and afflictions. There is no good reason why life should not have for you and me every other person, as a counterbalancing blessing, a good measure of joy and mirth and cheer. Now I do not speak of one whose course has always been smooth, I have not been moving all these years of my life leisurely and comfortably along a pleasant stream whose either bank was bordered with blooming flowers and fragrant plants. Ah, no! I have known hardship and struggle and have felt the sting of adversity and have had to fight my way amid unfriendly conditions. Before eleven years of life had gone, I watched my mother—that dearest, most appreciative friend—leave her home and her four boys and mount upward to the skies. In a far-distant state, I have laid away beneath the green-sward, two of the fairest little children that ever brightened a home on earth and beckoned toward a home above. And I have seen my fondest hopes decay and my best plans miscarry, because ill-health beat me back and kept me from achievement. I speak to you as one who has passed through like afflictions with yourselves. I know something of the weight of your sorrow, something of the sharpness of your pain, something of the keenness of your disappointment. And still I say we cannot afford not to cultivate the happy, joyous side of life; we cannot afford not to develop the mirthful, buoyant, exuberant part of nature. There is "a time to laugh." There is need of laughter.

Good-nature is sometimes the gift of God. There are people who are born with it. They come into the world with so large a supply of good cheer that it keeps them going until they leave the world and are ready for the eternal good cheer of heaven. They begin life like Whittier's barefoot boy, with his merry, whistled tunes, and "his turned-up pantaloons," with his "outward sunshine" and "inward joy," and even when old age has overtaken them, they still know how to laugh and whistle and rejoice. There is one thing in the character of the negro that ought to command everybody's respect, and that is his disposition to be happy. I do not believe there is another person in the world who is able to make so much out of his circumstances. He may have very few of this world's goods and not more than half enough to eat, but he is bound to get some real pleasure out of his surroundings. In Florida I saw negroes who had no place to sleep but under the pine trees, and no place to cook their meals but the coals of pine knots, and yet unquenchably they were the happiest people I met, singing at their work, and were singing when they had no work. A writer in a Chicago paper relates that, during a cold time in that city, when the thermometer was far below zero, he passed along a street where a number of workmen were digging a trench. There were several nationalities represented, and among them one negro. The white men were shivering and growling and cursing, and were sullen, thinking only of their hard lot. The negro would every now and then throw down his pick and fling his arms about him to start up the circulation, and then go to his work again singing as loud as his lungs would let him. Such a disposition is better than a lot of money, it matters not whether it is possessed by a swarthy son of Africa or the fairest and most beautiful Anglo-Saxon. There are worse things in this world than a black skin. Good-nature, that is not inherited, can be acquired. No one is born into the world whose destiny is necessarily that of a misanthrope or a hypochondriac or a pessimist. The sunshine is free to all. It comes down upon the earth every day. It is our fault if it never finds its way into our hearts and faces. If we turn our backs to the light, of course we will be in a shadow. Every man knows that he could sing, if he wanted to, every time he swears; he could laugh, if he chose to do so, every time he growls; he could whistle every time he splits fire; he could be pleasant and amiable every time he is disagreeable and ugly. It is simply a question of will or not will. It is simply a question of cultivating those habits and moods and feelings that keep the heart cheery and give the words a merry ring, or those habits and moods and feelings that keep the heart gloomy and give the words a sharp, grating sound. I often think of the old story of the man and wife putting up the stove in the fall. The husband stood upon a chair getting the joints of pipe together.

The good wife stood beside him to supply him with whatever was needed for the operation. But the joints would not go together easily. They slipped, and the good man skinned his fingers and let out a few unpropitious expletives. The good wife was complacent and said only "Sing the doxology, John." Not bad advice, you will admit, even if it was a little hard to take under the circumstances. You cannot sing and be angry at the same time. There is more curative power sometimes in a good, round, ringing laugh, than there is in a whole drug store. It is worth trying as a cure for almost any disease or morbid disposition. Most of us do not laugh half enough.

Good-nature has great hygienic value. It lengthens life and keeps one young, while the hair is turning gray. It mitigates the pains and discomforts of disease and disability. It is the very best lotion known for keeping away the wrinkles from the face and forehead and the corners of the eyes. A good woman was once applauded by a small circle of friends for her goodness and cheerfulness. She begged them to say no more "for," said she, "though I do try to be good and bright and cheerful for some reason which I fear is a low one." "What do you mean?" was the query. "I mean," she continued, "that I once heard that beauty after fifty years, depended not so much upon the features as upon the character. Like all women, I desire to be beautiful, and as Providence has denied me the features necessary to secure that result in early life, I determined to make the attempt to be beautiful at fifty. So I try to be good and cheery and see the bright side." There was sound philosophy in every word that the woman said. Solomon knew his physiology when he told the people in one place that there was a time to laugh and in another place that a merry heart doeth good like medicine. A happy thought has struck me lately to try to reduce my drug bills by more laughter and less medicine. Laughter is cheaper, and I begin to think, quite as efficacious. A friend of Lord Palmerston, closely associated with him, said once that for twenty years he never saw the great prime minister angry with one exception, and then the provocation was usually aggravated. Who can tell but Palmerston's great longevity was due to his equanimity and good humor? Spurgeon says that the only thing anger ever improves is the curve of a cat's back. When a man gets his back up it spoils his figure. Sydney Smith was an invalid for some years before he died, but he warded off the dismal effects of disease by keeping up his spirits. In response to an inquiry one day about his health, he said, "I have gout, asthma and several other maladies, but am otherwise very well." And in one of his last letters, when he was much emaciated and falling rapidly, occurs this sentence, "If you see sixteen or eighteen pounds of flesh wanting an owner, they belong to me." One of the most popular and enjoyable humorists on the platform today is Marshall P. Wilder. He is a hunch-back and I have reason to know that he is an almost constant sufferer, but he laughs himself and makes others laugh and forget his distresses. O I am sure that most of us do not yet know how to estimate the hygienic value of a laugh. There are times in life when it is better than a whole herd and a warehouse full of flour. It is food and medicine and comfort altogether. Learn to laugh, you who have forgotten, and laugh often.

Laughter affects religion. A morose disposition discolors the whole landscape of truth, even Gospel truth. Good nature makes one gentle and tender and charitable, makes one think a great deal of Heaven and our Father's love. A crusty nature makes one harsh and critical and exacting, makes one think often of the place of punishment and our Father's stern justice. John Calvin was a constant sufferer from disease. If he had not been, we would not know so much today about the severe and harsher features of Calvinism. "No one can estimate," says Jan MacLaren, "how much Germany has gained from Luther's genial and robust nature, or Scotland lost because Calvin was a chronic invalid, and John Knox a broken man." Too much of our theology in the past has had the dyspepsia, and I do not wonder that there is a vigorous reaction against it today. It used to be that all the strong, stirring, roistering, full-blooded boys were sent to study law or medicine, or into a business career, and the sickly, deformed, half-alive lads who played no games and had no sports, entered the ministry. But at last the decree has gone forth that the pulpit shall cease to be a refuge for incurables, and that men with robust views of life, who are physically healthy, or, if not, are able at any rate to keep their ailments from dominating their convictions, that such men shall teach us theology and religious duty. We want a creed in these times that will not regard laughter as a misdemeanor, and innocent amusement as criminal indulgence. The attitude of the Puritan was, "I will forego all pleasures until I have crushed out all evil vices." It was so akin to religion that the two became identical, and many forms of the most harmless pleasure came to be regarded as revolting iniquities. Macaulay says that the Puritans objected to bear-baiting, not because it tormented the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators. Now I protest that the religion that will not allow us to cultivate the mirthful side of our natures, that will not allow innocent pleasures as an offset to life's hard tasks and heavy responsibilities, is not of much terrestrial value. I do not believe that Christ ever intended that we should postpone all joy and merry-making until the next world. I know that Christ did say, "Be not of sad countenance as the hypocrites are," and that Paul said to the Philippians and Thessalonians, "Rejoice," "rejoice," "rejoice," and, therefore, I believe in laughter and mirth and pleasurable recreation and harmless hilarity. I thank God that we can laugh until our sides almost split without doing violence to any one of God's most sacred commandments.

But how are you going to laugh when you can't? There must be an exciting cause, you say. Perhaps so, perhaps not. Did you ever force yourself to laugh when you were gloomy? Well, I have, and I know it can be done, and I

know that it stirred me up into a better mood and made others laugh too. But if you must have an exciting cause, let me give you one or two or three. Cultivate the acquaintance of little children. Did you ever hear such uproarious laughter anywhere as comes from the playground? Did you ever hear such peals of jollity as bursts every day from the bosoms of exuberant childhood? Oh, how it alleviates the cares of manhood just to listen and join in their polking sport! And then the sayings of children—why, they are funnier than Mark Twain and Josiah Allen's Wife and Jerome K. Jerome all put together. A little girl came to her mother after a visitor had gone and said: "Mama, I do like Mr. A's stories so much." "Why," asked the mother, "because," was the naive answer, "they have no morals." Another little girl went home from church on a Sabbath and told the household in great glee that the minister was going to crucify her little brother the next Sabbath. "Crucify him!" Oh, no; you mean sanctify him," said a sister. "No, crucify him," persisted the younger one, and the fact was that the minister had announced infant baptism. I heard of a little boy once who wanted to say seven prayers on Sunday so as to get them off his hands for the other days of the week. And I have told some of you before of the urchin who prayed, "Lord, make me a good boy; and if at first you don't succeed, try, try again." If your acquaintance with children does not make your old soul young and your longitudinal face break into latitudinarian smiles and laughs, then you are hard to reach. You cannot help singing to yourself: "Men are only boys grown tall. Hearts don't change much after all."

Learn to love nature. Cultivate the friendship of the birds and domestic animals. See the beauty of flowers and trees and forest and mountain and stream. I do not mean that these things will necessarily make you laugh, but they will make you happy and cheerful. And yet I have often laughed outright at the pranks of kittens and puppies at play and at the antics of lambs and even young pigs. Have you never lain in bed on a bright spring morning and listened to a bird warble forth its tuneful music in the maple tree by your window? How soothing and exhilarating it was! And then another bird came, and still another, and another, all joining in the heartsome chorus, until there was a whole family of birds holding family worship together. Where is the man or woman who can go down stairs disgruntled and peevish after such a concert as that?

Have music in the household, vocal music and instrumental. Sing, even if you do make some discords and are not in any sense a prima donna. Sing anyhow, merrily, cheerily. Don't keep the organ covered or shut up, or the piano. Do not let it be silent for a week or even for a day; and if you cannot have these instruments, have an accordion or a mouth-organ or a Jew's-harp, some thing. The soul must have music or it will look cross and feel cross and speak cross. When you are young, perhaps, you will prefer a schottische or a two-step or a march or a comic song, and when you are older you will like best the "Sonata Pathetique" or Portuguese hymn or "Balema" or "Retreat." But however that may be, all ages, from babyhood to decrepitude, are made happy by the harmonies of sweet sound. Children, flowers and music were Luther's three weapons against the devil of melancholy and disheartenment. Let us try them.

Of course, there are others. There are lectures and entertainments and good stories and games and sports and athletics and gymnastics and books and papers and pictures and what not. By all means, have pictures on the walls of the home. If you cannot have crayons and engravings and etchings and paintings in oil and water colors, then have chromos and illustrations from our periodicals and advertisements. Anything is better than bare walls. And I know some one has been saying to himself, "How about the so-called prohibited amusements—dancing and card playing, and theater going, which so many of our churches either forbid or discourage? Well, you notice I have referred to these last, and to be frank with you, I think that is where they belong. They are too often harmful instead of helpful. But to be still more frank, I will say that, in my judgment, it is the abuse of these rather than their use that is to be seriously protested against. Indulged in moderately, guardedly, they need not be a hindrance or a harm. What I am trying to emphasize is that human nature requires diversion and recreation and amusement, and that the religion of Jesus encourages and does not forbid except where there is excess and injury. There are times when we must unbend, for a little while, the stiff harness of our accustomed tasks, and relax the strain of responsibility and lubricate the joints of life, and I, for one, am glad that Solomon has told us so plainly, and the rest of the Bible indorses his statement, that there is "a time to laugh."

My dear friends, I have had a most serious purpose this morning in every word that I have spoken. I hope I have not even seemed to be trivial or frivolous. I want you to believe, with me, that the faith of Christ denies you no joy or healthful pleasure. Mirth and laughter are among the best ingredients. Realizing this, I want you men to move through life as a band of music moves down a street, sending out pleasure to everybody on every side. And, as the housewife hangs over the doorway of many an eastern home and greets each comer with its delicious fragrance, so may you women, wives and mothers, and sisters, and daughters, cling to your homes and send out the sweet fragrance of your lives of good cheer into every heart. My best wish this morning to every one of you for soul happiness and heaven's benediction.

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Notice for Publication.

(Homestead Entry No. 4804.) LAND OFFICE AT SANTA FE, N. M., November 23, 1898.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Register or Receiver at Santa Fe, N. M., on January 4, 1899, viz: Nemecio Arriola, for the E. 1/4 of Sec. 14, T. 15 N., R. 11 E., S. 10. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Santiago Lujan, Albino Gonzales, Alcario Arriola, of Pecos, N. M.; Jesus Gonzales, of Roswell, of Glorieta, N. M.

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A. S. GRIFFIN, General Superintendent

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Notice for Publication.

(Homestead Entry No. 4212.) LAND OFFICE AT SANTA FE, N. M., Nov. 11, 1898.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Register or Receiver at Santa Fe, N. M., on December 21, 1898, viz: Cesarito Lujan for the E. 1/4 of Sec. 14, T. 15 N., R. 11 E., S. 10. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Santiago Lujan, Albino Gonzales, Alcario Arriola, of Pecos, N. M.; Jesus Gonzales, of Roswell, of Glorieta, N. M.

MANUEL R. OTTARO, Receiver.